THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 179.

MR. SAUNTER,

TILL of late the world was presumed to consist of four elements, fire, air, earth and water; but, as the term element is strictly applicable to matter only which is in its simplest state, the more correct observation of modern chemists obliges us to admit upwards of ten times the number of elements acknowledged by our forefathers. According to the modern chemical definition, every substance is of this class which is not *proved* or *presumed to be compound*, by analysis or analogy. Nevertheless the number of these primitive substances is extremely limited, which enters into animal or vegetable organization, notwithstanding that this is so various in its properties. These however are determined by the presence and proportion of several substances very susceptible of distinction, which, though compounds of the primitive elements cannot be resolved into them without destroying characteristic traits resulting not from any peculiarity in the nature of their constituent parts, but from something occult, and peculiar in their arrangement, or some mysterious quality adherent to the compound. The discovery of these primitive compounds, their habitudes and affinities, or preferences for each other, constitutes the separate departments of vegetable and animal chemistry; wherein the definition of an element is not what we cannot decompose but what we dare not decompose, lest we destroy that occult and peculiar arrangement, whereby the mysterious hand of nature endows it with active agency in vegetable and animal organization.

This careful and delicate physical analysis is probably exceeded in its good effects by a similar caution and delicacy in our moral analyses: whereby, if we refine away every result into its sensible sources, we shall destroy the beauty and merit of many a moral sentiment and virtuous sensation; and reduce the totality of human impulses to one common physical origin. Now, however the prosecution of analysis to such extremes, either in the moral or physical world, may gratify the insatiate curiosity of the philosopher who considers less the beauty of that which he destroys than the novelty of what he discovers, to the man of feeling and fancy it cannot be pleasing to behold the inspiring face of nature disfigured into charcoal earths and noisome gas, or the theory of the most exalted sentiments of the soul degraded into a doctrine of mechanical impulses. When the physical or moral annalist has advanced thus far, let him for a moment avert his eyes from that which he pursues, to what he has left; let him survey his destructive progress, consider what there was, and what remains; and

then reflect, whether an unintelligible something has not permeated his most impervious apparatus, or eluded his most rigid scrutiny; and answer, whether the omnipotent hand, which has endowed each integral element with a quality so inexplicable as that of elective attraction, may not have intitled their compounds to properties equally distinctive and inexplicable, but whose accession or departure is elusive of all human scrutiny.

ANALYTICUS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ITALY,

Being the Commencement of a Series.

Florence, January 31, 1806.

You see me at last on the classic banks of the Arno. A country which combines so many motives of interest will of course excite your curiosity, and it shall be the purpose of this letter to gratify it.

The winds were so unfavourable that I was obliged to give up my project of passing from Genoa to Leghorn by water, and to make the circuit of the gulf over the mountains. In this way, after passing through Pisa, I reached Leghorn. Here I remained but a very little time. Leghorn is perhaps the least interesting town of Italy; without the charms which the remains of antiquity inspire, and with but one solitary imperfect monument of the arts, its only attraction for a traveller would be its society. Yet the society of Leghorn, like that of all small and particularly commercial towns, where every man's pecuniary speculations directly oppose those of his neighbour, is divided into as many circles as there are counting houses, and as many enemies as there are circles. The arrival of a ship is like the apple of Paris, which is to be divided among claimants who resemble the fair claimants of antiquity only in the bitterness of their opposition. It is in short a town merely commercial. Scandal and intrigue are the employment of the women, the price of sugar and the risks of insurance are the interesting researches of the men. I found myself however treated with very great politeness, and had it been my object to eat dinners or play cards, I should have passed some time very agreeably. I had other objects in view, and therefore very soon set out for this place. The ride from Leghorn has nothing remarkable, and except the general appearance of ease, which in some degree distinguishes the people of Tuscany, and the beauty of a portion of the road along the Arno, there is nothing to excite curiosity or pleasure. The distance is about twenty leagues, and makes about one day's pleasant journey.

Since my arrival here, I have been occupied in seeing the place and the people, and have found the means of amusement and information. Florence however is no longer the asylum of arts, or the emporium of European commerce. The wealth which had rewarded the industry of the first merchants naturally tended to corrupt their children; the discovery of America, whilst it quickened, gave a new direction to trade, and the ruin of Pisa, and the rising spirit of England and Holland gradually enfeebled a commerce which, till then, had been almost exclusive. These causes have conspired to ruin the political importance of Florence. But it is still very interesting. The early merchants, unlike those of our days, employed their superfluous wealth in the erection of palaces, which descend to their posterity, and the patronage of letters which are immortal. Their vanity has therefore been subservient to their patriotism, and, whilst they gratified their pride, they provided their country with the means of attraction long after the bloom of youth and the glare of riches had passed.

Even the most inattentive stranger will be struck by the position of Florence, which has procured it the name of the Beautiful, the general neatness and regularity of its streets, and the magnificence of many of its buildings. I do not however, I confess, admire much the architecture, although it has been praised. I think that, with the exception of one or two fronts designed by Michel Angelo, the houses have a

sombre, and sometimes even a heavy appearance. Those considered the handsomest are the Palace Pitti (the residence of the sovereign) and the Palaces of the princes Strozzi and Corsini. The first is very extensive, and possesses the remains of a fine collection of paintings and a handsome garden. The others are built in the Tuscan style, which though strong and durable is much too rustic. Of the four bridges which connect the two sides of the river, that called the Trinity, built by Cosmo I, is the most admired. There are some handsome squares or *piazzas*, among which that of the Old Palace is most worthy of notice, as it is adorned by more beautiful statues than perhaps any public square in Europe. In a small square directly before my lodging is the fine Doric column of granite sent from Rome by Pius IV, to Cosmo I, the height of which is such, that since the statue of Justice has been placed on the top, the Florentines have made a proverb that "Justice is so high that no one can reach it." There are no public walks in the city. The *Cassino*, along the Arno at some distance from the gates, belongs to the Queen, and is the most fashionable place of resort.

The round of churches, with pretty pavements and pretty cielings, I had neither courage enough to make, nor therefore knowledge enough to describe; but the places of worship are often the depositories of the arts. I therefore could not dispense with seeing many of them.

But these exterior ornaments, or the mechanical structure, inspire little pleasure when compared with the interest which the family of Medici and the history of literature has thrown around Florence. No man can look, without feelings of respect, on the Riccardi palace which the early Medici adorned by their talents, nor on the old palace, where their successors reigned by the reflected light of their virtues. The works of these great men present themselves at every part of the city, their establishments even amidst all the refinement of modern times still excite our admiration, and the vestal flame of letters which they kindled, though quivering, still enlightens their country.

For the Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.—LONDON, MAY 11.

The King v. s. *Stephens & Agnew.*

The Attorney General, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow and Mr. Abbot, shewed cause against the Rule obtained by Mr. Dallas, for arresting the judgment in the cause. The two defendants were convicted of extortion in taking a lack of rupees from an East-India Rajah, which, by our laws, is declared to be extortion. The information against them stated, that being persons in office under the East-India Company, from the 26th of September, *until* the 29th of November, during the time they so continued in office, to wit, on the 29th of November, did take the bribe in question. Mr. Dallas obtained a rule to show cause on the ground, that *until* the 29th of November, excluded that day; and that taking the bribe on the 29th, which was the day after their office was stated on record to cease, did not bring them within the word of the act. In shewing cause against this rule the learned Gentleman cited a great variety of instances, where the word *until* was meant to exclude the day specified, and alluded to the word *to*, which Mr. Dallas had argued to be synonymous. The Attorney General asked Mr. Dallas if he had invited him *to* dinner, whether he would argue that the dinner itself was meant to be excluded, and that he was to go away when dinner was served up?—He then cited a variety of cases on civil contracts, where the word *until* was allowed to include the day named, such being the apparent intention of the parties on the face of their deed;—he applied this to the record before the court, which he argued sufficiently shewed that it was intended to include the 29th of November, in the term of the holding of the defendants.—Mr. Erskine in his argument elucidated the point by another quotation, to prove that the word *until*

included the day named: he cited a poetical line:

"*As chaste as ice* until *the marriage day.*"

Mr. Dallas, in reply, insisted that the words *unto* and *until* were synonymous, the one applying to space, the other to time, and cited a case to shew it had been decided that *unto* a place meant to exclude the place itself. With respect to the illustrations of his learned friends, he thought they made against them. He would answer to the learned Attorney General's case by another. Supposing he had done himself the honour to invite the Attorney General to dinner with him, and knowing as he did the great value of time, he said that he need not come *until* dinner. Notwithstanding all the good temper of the learned Gentleman, he believed that he would think it a bad joke, if he were not to send for him *until* dinner was over, and then justify it by the learned Gentleman's own arguments, that *until* dinner, meant to include dinner, and that his invitation consequently was not until it was over. But his learned friend, Mr. Erskine, had been more unfortunate still in his quotation of,

"*Chaste as ice* until *the marriage day.*"

There was no fraction of a day in law, and therefore if *until* was inclusive, the lady must be chaste the whole marriage day, which he feared any lady would hardly think to be justified by exposition of the word *until;* and some thirty years ago his learned friend would have argued differently on this subject. Mr. D. then proceeded to adduce a great many legal authorities to support his opinion, and denied that any argument could be drawn against him from those cases which related merely to matter of contract, inasmuch as they were inapplicable to matter of criminal charge.

The Court said they must take time to consider of the case.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW

OF CARR'S "NORTHERN SUMMER."

Whoever addresses the public, must treat it, if not with caresses, at least with deference. This is always, and justly expected. Nor, has a candidate for literary reputation any reason to complain, that those who are to give their suffrages should presume to judge of his qualifications. Confident of a seat in the Temple of Fame, the author of this work has given himself little trouble to conciliate the respect, or merit the candour of his readers. He has presented himself at the bar of public opinion, in a state so unprepared, and objectionable, that it cannot fail to wound our pride, if not provoke our anger. We are at a loss to imagine where he could expect to find ignorance to be instructed, or dulness to be delighted, by a very considerable portion of his narrative. As it is not hard to deal out general censure, let us descend to particulars.

The opening paragraph of the first chapter, after stating the author's motives for travelling, acquaints us with certain characteristics of the "favourite little Town" of Totness, which are common to almost all villages, and concludes with a trite anecdote, awkwardly introduced. Surviving the *agonies of packing* up, Mr. Carr describes the state of England at the period of his departure, apparently, for no other purpose than to inform us that he commanded a volunteer company, which practice had rendered him so exceedingly expert in military discipline, as to escape the "scrutinizing eye of militia-men, and the titter of nursery-maids." He then excuses himself for travelling at that juncture. Surely, it was not necessary for a man to apologise for leaving his country at a time, when, according to his own account, his presence was not wanted. We are not told that the king had issued a *ne exeat regnum.* There was not much risk of being prosecuted to outlawry.

Mr. Carr could not quit Harwich without visiting the church-yard, which, unluckily for the poor school-master and sexton, adjoined the inn. At these he points some antiquated ridicule: game so often hunted, it had been more honourable to consider "a theme unworthy of his sword."

A view of the blockaders off the Texel gives rise to some philosophical

reflections, and affords an opportunity to introduce a quotation from a celebrated wit. From Helogoland he derives the important information that, while some men "snatch the sinking mariner, and the sad remains of his floating fortune from the deep, others prefer plunder to the preservation of life, and have been known even to destroy it for a ring or a bauble."

Always vigilant to notice whatever might interest, Mr. Carr's attention is soon arrested by an owl, who dies, with a quaint imprecation of mercy from one of the sailors. It was his good fortune, while in Denmark, to see a foreign quack doctor, in a splendid *vis-à-vis*, from England, drawn by "two noble greys." His astonishment at this spectacle was exceeded only by the superior astonishment of the inhabitants of Copenhagen.

In the cellar once occupied by the unhappy Brandt, the author met with a soldier and his son, prisoners. The reader would be as well satisfied if he had never seen them. There is in their history neither novelty to invite curiosity, nor virtue to excite commiseration.

As ignorance and vulgarity are the growth of every country, we are not surprised to hear that a man should be found in Denmark, who "picked his teeth with a fork, and believed smoking to be fashionable among the fair of Great-Britain." Among other wonderful things, Mr. Carr witnessed the intoxication of a little fat Musselman. It is no new trait in the character of man to feel a propensity to indulge in what he is prohibited to use.

Nor is the wit of the "facetious little waiter" very pungent, or obvious. Before leaving Copenhagen, he tells us, that he had the honour to be introduced to the Bavarian Minister, by ———, a leather-breeches maker. This was "subject of laughter for a twelvemonth." Passing through Sweden with some haste, he, and his companion, were taken for a couple of couriers. This was really very curious, and is particularly worthy of remark. When setting out for Stockholm, he had provided himself with some roasted mutton, cooked after "his own fashion." Hear the doleful sequel. "But lo! and behold! in the morning the casket had been rifled by some vile dog, and only an indented wreck remained." This scene was truly tragical. *Quis temperet a lacrymis?* How worthy a subject for the chaste spirit of Vernet! This discovery, though momentous, was destined to be the precursor of one still more interesting. On entering Stockholm, an examination of his trunk informed, that his *avant courier* had borne off his nankeen breeches, some shirts, and handkerchiefs, together with a golden locket of his servant. Several things, however, contributed to persuade him to bear with calmness and resignation his accumulated disasters. They had the happy effect of plunging him into a pleasing humour of philosophising, during which, among other suggestions of a mind intensely bent, he profoundly observes, that an individual case of theft does not affix the imputation of felony on a whole nation. The intelligence that an English merchant a few days before had lost on the very same spot 130*l.* perfectly reconciled him to his fate.

The writer says, "he saw the bed on which Gustavus III lay, from the time he was brought wounded to the palace, until he died." A vast increase truly to his stock of knowledge. Was there ever traveller so fortunate?

He was "particularly struck" with the cloaths Charles XII wore, when he was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, and "very proudly put them on." It is not easy to discover either humour or merit in one man's dressing in another's cloaths. At Danmora he saw a mine, which he gravely assures us he went down, and came up again; and then proceeds—"Mark the force of habit! Two elderly miners descended on the rim of a bucket, holding by a cord, one singing, the other taking snuff." 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange.

It is satisfactory to the inquisitive to hear, that Mr. Carr has ascertained, beyond a doubt, that professor Aftzelius could not speak the French or English tongue without committing blunders. Those who have yet to learn that a man

may not perfectly understand a foreign language, will find their account in attending to this passage.

It was an object with the author of the Northern Summer, when embarking on an expedition, to set off in good humour; and his lot was singularly felicitous in meeting with events to produce this effect. It may be said, indeed, it was no difficult undertaking to please him. On the eve of bidding adieu to Stockholm, he was highly entertained in seeing "a little dog defile the walls of the royal castle." Those who were not spectators of this trick, can see in it neither decency nor mirth. We are indebted to the writer of these travels, for the singular fact, that a people who have not combs, employ their fingers in disentangling their hair. Of this he relates a marvellous instance.

At Mjolbousted he was attacked and surrounded by a host of beetles and flies. Surprizing three of these enemies at a distance from the main body (no great compliment to his spirit), he suddenly falls upon them, breaks their ranks, and, after a terrible encounter, puts them totally to the rout. The bulletin, 'tis true, does not state that there was much bloodshed: and therein he resembles a famous Corsican general. We may, however, note this diversity, that the hero of Marengo took a great many prisoners, which our hero has the candour to acknowledge he found impracticable. This engagement brings to his mind, that he once saw an ideot similarly employed. That catching flies is a very foolish occupation, was already sufficiently credible, without the story of the ideot.

He gives us a tale, of what he calls, "an eccentric genius," who attempted to teach his horse to live without eating. This silly anecdote is to be found in any book of jests.

At a Russian dinner he found out the secret, that it is not flattery to remind a lady of her age. This has been long known of the sex. He likewise assures us, that a friend of his frequently saw the vessel that first sailed on the Neva. Let it be admitted. Was it any great exploit?

At a parade, on a Sunday, at Petersburg, a singular adventure befel him. A thief had nigh carried off his pocket-book. Had he purloined a volume of such anecdotes as this, any jury in the republic of letters would have acquitted him. He allows the Russians not to be naturally thievish, and no one doubted but there might be a single case of larceny in the dominions of the Emperor of all the Russias.

He visited Dr. Guthrie, and relates that this gentleman, by his great philosophical knowledge, has found out (and all, it would appear, without the aid of witchcraft), that closed windows exclude the sun; that flies cannot penetrate through gauze; and that ice has the amazing quality of cooling an atmosphere of a higher temperature than itself.

Mr. Carr sometimes suffers his mind to be affected, in a degree, to common apprehensions, utterly disproportionate to the operating cause. Thus, when he learns that in Russia "the postilions ride on the wrong side, and the husbands sleep on the wrong side," astonishment almost bereaves him of his senses. 'Tis said in the Rambler, that surprise is the effect of ignorance. In the eighteenth chapter, we have an account of an affray between a Russian, a Pole, and a German, related with a minuteness that could not have been more circumstantial, if the writer had been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is a dull story, dully told. What a shame to fill a book with such ineffable nonsense. Nearly a page is occupied in telling us that, at the first inn he arrived at, after leaving Petersburg, he met a drunkard who kissed him, and paid his supper and club. What claim this can have to a place in a volume of travels, is not easy to be solved; unless, perhaps, to acquaint those who should in future travel the road, that they might calculate on the same civility from this votary of Bacchus.

In the twentieth chapter we have what is called "a curious fragment" of a dispute between two professors' ladies. This *curious fragment* boasts the merit of obscenity without humour.

In going to Berlin, the carriage over-

set, and the driver broke his pipe. It is matter of wonder and regret, that we have no verses on this event. An important defect in the "Northern Summer" is the want of uniformity of style. It is ludicrous to see in the same page, an imitation of the pomp of Johnson, and the familiarity of Addison. It is also, sometimes, indistinct and confused, from an injudicious combination in the same period, of various and discordant matter. Thus are intermingled in one sentence, the Swedish Consul, baron Silverhjelm, "the enlightened and amiable representative of a brave and generous nation," a circular letter of credit, and bills from Ransom, Morland, and Co.; twenty thousand volunteers; the author's mother; and the barrier arch of the watch-tower at Harwich. From the description of it, this last, at least, might have claimed a sentence by itself. There is a frequent use in the Northern Summer, of words and phrases proscribed in compositions, of any degree of dignity. Thus, we have "a plentiful lack—a bridge painted with *a vengeance*—all the doctors beaten by the Russians *hollow*—he liked the good humoured fellow *prodigiously*—he took *a peep* at the North in her summer garb." These expressions are disdained even in the *conversation* of polished society.

Mr. Carr has lent his countenance to the currency of certain phrases, which the Old School has repeatedly pronounced counterfeit. For example: he talks of *ponderous allies—glorious rivers—the energies* of the troops of the Crown Prince—*deteriorating* the interests of Europe. The title of *proselytism*, and *inconvenienced*, to adoption in the great family of the English language, can never be traced. His poetic quotations are, beyond all measure, long and numerous. I shall not undertake to say whether this has arisen from vanity to display his erudition, or avarice to swell his publication.

This production has too much of "I, Me, and Mine." We have the garrulous vanity of Boswell, without the sense of Johnson to alleviate it. There is evidently also, an affectation of wit, which is often unmeaning, sometimes offensive, and never successful. Thus: "a bribe convinced a custom-house officer, that a trunk contained, from its mere physiognomy, nothing contraband. Let him not be blamed; for his penetration was admirably correct."—Again, "his little Swede presented a strong disposition to renounce a circle for a square."

The recurrence of "the little Swede," is so frequent and disgusting, that the reader seriously regrets it was not broken to pieces in the first trip. The multiplied description of houses is useless and distressing. Nor is the narrative enlivened by a sufficient variety of interesting incidents. Interspersed in this performance, are some poetic effusions, which serve only to convince us, that the verse is worse than the prose. Whoever reads the Northern Summer with attention, cannot ascribe these observations to a fastidious criticism.

But while we point out the deficiencies of Mr. Carr, it is but justice to say, that the world is indebted to him for many facts he has communicated. It is readily granted, that some of the circumstances he relates, are told with sprightliness of manner, and elegance of language. Could he learn to seize the important, and reject the frivolous, he might write to please and to instruct. As his judgment has yet to make considerable advances to maturity, he should submit his writings to the correction of his friends. He is infected with the *cacoethes scribendi et amor operis sui:* but they may be the conceit and ambition of youth, and are not incurable. He appears more deficient in taste than in knowledge. J. S.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Before I take my leave of that part of the *Observations** which relates to the hot springs, I must select an account of what they further contain of the moss already mentioned. From

* See No. 33, of the Port Folio.

the expression with which the passage quoted in my last commences,—' the green substance discoverable at the bottom of the hot *springs*,'—it is natural to infer that it is discoverable in all the springs, and, in consequence, that it is discoverable, together with the shellfish that inhabits it, in the spring No. 2, of which the temperature is stated to be 154 degrees of Farenheit. But this essential particular of its history is rendered somewhat doubtful by the terms employed in its description in another place, and from which it would appear to be confined to the spring No. 3, of which the temperature does not exceed 131 degrees.—' No. 3 is a small basin, in which there is a considerable quantity of green matter, having much the appearance of a vegetable body, but detached from the bottom, yet connected with it by something like a stem, which rests in calcareous matter. The body of one of these pseudo plants was from four to five inches in diameter, the bottom a smooth film of some tenacity, and the upper surface divided into ascending fibres of one-half or three-fourths of an inch long, resembling the gills of a fish, in transverse rows. A little further on was another small muddy basin, in which the water was warm to the finger: in it was a vermes, about half an inch long, moving with a serpentine or vernicular motion.'—p. 107.

The water of the hot springs deposits a calcareous and perhaps siliceous sediment, the progress of which, from stone to vegetable mould is interesting: —' The hot water is continually depositing calcareous and perhaps some siliceous matter, forming new rocks, always augmenting, and projecting their promontories over the running waters of the creek. Whenever this calcareous crust is seen spreading over the bank and margin of the creek, there, most certainly, the hot water will be found, either running over the surface or through some channel, perhaps below the new rock, or dripping from the edges of the over-hanging precipice. The progress of nature, in the formation of this new rock is curious, and worthy the attention of the geologist. When the hot water issues from the fountain, it frequently spreads over a superficies of some extent; so far as it reaches, on either hand, there is a deposition of, or growth, of green matter. Several laminæ will be found lying over each other, and immediately under, and in contact with the inferior lamina, which is not thicker than paper, is found a whitish substance resembling a coagulum when viewed with a microscope, this last is also found to consist of several; sometimes a good number of laminæ, of which that next the green is finest and thinnest, being the last formed; those below increasing in thickness and tenacity until the last terminates in a soft earthy matter, which reposes in the more solid rock. Each lamina of the coagulum is penetrated in all its parts by calcareous grains, extremely minute, and divided in the more recent web, but larger, and occupying the whole of the inferior laminæ. The under stratum is continually consolidating, and adding bulk and height to the rock. When this acquires such an elevation as to stop the passage of the water, it finds another course over the rock, hill, or margin of the creek, forming in turn, accumulations of matter over the whole of the adjacent space. When the water has formed itself a new channel, the green matter, which sometimes acquires a thickness of half an inch, is speedily converted into a rich vegetable earth, and becomes the food of plants. The surface of the calcareous rock also decomposes, and forms the thickest black mould, intimately mixed with a considerable portion of soil: plants and trees vegetate luxuriantly upon it.'—p. 110.

The course of nature is exemplified in another example:—' Some difficult places are met with in the Red River, below Nakitosh, after which it is good for one hundred and fifty leagues (probably computed leagues of the country, about two miles each); there the voyager meets with a very serious obstacle, in the commencement of the *Raft*, as it is called; that is, a natural covering, which conceals the whole river for an extent of seventeen leagues, continually

augmenting by the drift-wood brought down by every considerable fresh. This covering, which, for a considerable time was only drift-wood, now supports a vegetation of every thing abounding in the neighbouring forest, not excepting trees of a considerable size; and the river may be frequently passed without any knowledge of its existence. It is said, that the annual inundation is opening for itself a new passage, through the low grounds near the hills; but it must be long before Nature, unaided, will excavate a passage sufficient for the waters of the Red River.'—p. 118.

We have heard of showers of dust and stones. A phenomenon of this kind is mentioned at page 122:—'It appears that, in the neighbourhood of the hot springs, but higher up, among the mountains, and upon the Little Missouri, during the summer season, explosions are very frequently heard, proceeding from under ground; and not rarely a curious phenomenon is seen, which is termed the blowing of the mountains; it is confined elastic gas, driving before it a great quantity of earth and mineral matter. During the winter season, explosions or blowing of the mountains entirely cease, whence we may conclude that the cause is comparatively superficial, being brought into action by the increased heat of the more direct rays of the summer sun.'

Another natural curiosity seen 'at the place called the Mines, on the Little Missouri.'—'There is a smoke which ascends perpetually from a particular place, and the vapour is sometimes insupportable. The river, or a branch of it, passes over a bed of mineral, which, from the description given, is, no doubt, martial pyrites.'—p. 121. —'It is said that the stream of the Little Missouri, some distance from its mouth, flows over a bright splendid bed of mineral, of a yellowish white colour, most probably martial pyrites.'—p. 98.

The French word *prairie* is in great danger of being permanently received into the 'American language;' and this so much the more unfortunately as it is employed with the greatest looseness of meaning. When we hear of a *prairie*, we expect a *meadow*, and are only surprised that the English vocabulary is not sufficient for those who pretend to speak English; but, in reality, a *prairie* is made to signify any open parcel of country; it is the champaign, as opposed to woodland and mountains; it is equally applied to meadows, plains, and downs.—I have great pleasure in extracting a passage where an explanation of this kind is given, and which includes other valuable remarks:—'By the expression plains, or *prairies*, in this place, is not to be understood a dead flat, resembling certain Savannas, whose soil is stiff and impenetrable, often under water, and bearing only a coarse grass resembling reeds: very different are the western *prairies*, which expression signifies only a country without timber. These prairies are neither flat nor hilly, but undulating into gently-swelling lawns, and expanding into spacious vallies, in the center of which is always found a little timber growing on the banks of the brooks and rivulets of the finest waters. The whole of these *prairies* are represented to be composed of the richest and most fertile soil; the most luxuriant and succulent herbage covers the surface of the earth, interspersed with millions of flowers, and flowering shrubs of the most ornamental kinds. Those who have viewed only a skirt of these *prairies* speak of them with enthusiasm, as if it were only there that nature were to be found truly perfect; they declare that, the fertility and beauty of the rising grounds, the extreme richness of the vales, the coolness and excellent quality of the water found in every valley, inspire the soul with sensations not to be felt in any other quarter of the globe. This paradise is now very thinly inhabited by a few tribes of savages, and by immense herds of wild cattle (bison), which people these countries. The cattle perform regular migrations, according to the seasons, from south to north, and from the plains to the mountains; and, in due time, taught by their instincts, take a retrograde direction. These tribes move in the rear of the herds, and pick up stragglers and such as lag behind, which they kill with the

bow and arrow for their subsistence. The country is not subjected to those sudden deluges of rain which, in most hot countries, and even in the Missisippi territory, tear up and sweep away, with irresistible fury, the crop and soil together: on the contrary, rain is said to become more rare, in proportion as the great chain of mountains is approached; and it would seem that within the sphere of attraction of those elevated ridges, little or no rain falls on the adjoining plains. This relation is the more credible, as, in that respect, our new country may resemble other flat or comparatively low countries similarly situated; such as the country lying between the Andes and the Western Pacific: the plains are supplied with nightly dews, so extremely abundant as to have the effect of refreshing showers of rain; and the spacious vallies, which are extremely level, may, with facility, be watered by the rills and brooks which are never absent from such situations. Such is the description of the better known country lying to the south of the Red River, from Nacogdoche towards St. Anthonies, in the province of Taxus: the richest crops are said to be produced there without rain.'—p. 116.

The region thus described lies 'along the eastern base of the great chain, or dividing ridge, commonly known by the name of the Sandhills, which separate the waters of the Missisippi from those which fall into the Pacific Ocean,' extending 'beyond the Red River to the south, and beyond the Missouri, or at least some of its branches, to the north.' I beg leave to ask, whether the dryness in the atmosphere in the neighbourhood of the mountains be not in some degree an indication of metals contained in them? Metals attract moisture. Another cause may be discovered in the openness of the country to the eastward. When a country lies between hills, its atmosphere is kept in a state of humidity, the clouds hanging between the attracting bodies on each side. I must not pass over, as deserving of no particular remark, the very curious account given by these travellers of the tenants of the soil:—'This paradise is now very *thinly* inhabited by a *few* tribes of savages, *and* by the *immense* herds of *wild cattle* which *people* these countries.' If we are to take the words as they stand, then there is no other way of reconciling the *thinness* of the inhabitants with the *immense* herds of cattle, than that of supposing that, notwithstanding their immenseness, they are lost in this still more immense 'wilderness of sweets.' If the immense herds of cattle are not to be reckoned among those who 'people these countries,' then it is a pity that the writer should have so reckoned them; but if that writer imagines that *people* and *inhabit* are synonymous terms, on this head he is grievously mistaken. Wild cattle *inhabit*, but do not *people* a country, though, among jocular persons, it may be thought that some countries are peopled with *wild cattle* enough. Poets, indeed, talk of a swarm of bees as a *people*, and of a flock of birds as a *people;* but they do this metaphorically, and for the sake of raising the object. It must lead to the wreck of all common sense, if statistical reporters lay their hands upon the figures of poetry. To be serious, however, this *populousness*, or, as some gentlemen would call it, *popularity*, in *wild cattle*, is corroborated by the testimony of Dr. Sibley: 'The accounts given by Mr. Brevell, Mr. Grappe, and all the other hunters with whom I have conversed, of the immense droves of animals that, at the beginning of winter, descend from the mountains down southwardly, into the timbered country, is almost incredible. They say, the buffalo and bear particularly, are in droves of many thousands together, that blacken the whole surface of the earth, and continue passing without intermission for weeks together, so that the whole surface is, for many miles in breadth, trodden like a large road.'

I had designed to add some further remarks; but other avocations have detached my mind from the inquiry; and I now allow myself no other alternative than that of making this communication as it is, or not at all.

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

ARISTOTLE'S ODE TO VIRTUE.

O Virtue, arduous to the mortal race, the best pursuit of life; for thy form, O virgin, even to die, and to suffer unceasing toils is accounted envied fate in Greece; such immortal fruit dost thou infuse into the mind; better than gold and pearls, or soothing sleep. And on thy account Hercules descended from Jove, and the sons of Leda suffered much, shewing forth thy power by their actions. And for thy sake Achilles and Ajax descended to the realms of Pluto. For the sake of thy lovely form the prince of Attarnea was deprived of the light of the sun. Therefore the bard shall celebrate him for his actions—the immortal Muses, the daughters of Mnemos, shall celebrate him *for his actions*, who celebrates the power of Jove, who presides over hospitality and the rewards of stable friendship.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To the justice of the following tribute to Goldsmith, says the Editor of the Farmers' Museum, we cordially bear testimony. It is extracted from the Monthly Anthology, and written by some one who must have entered into the spirit of the bard to have given him so accurate and just a character. The author is not disgraced by such an eulogist. Those who have received equal pleasure from the perusal of his writings, and are unable to express it in words so appropriate and pure; may say with the rich burgher who, at a meeting where the celebrated Burke was speaking on some favorite measure, wishing to deliver to the spectators similar ideas, but wanting the ability to use them, he cried out, in counting-house language, "I cry ditto to Mr. Burke, I cry ditto to Mr. Burke."

GOLDSMITH.

Who shall be compared to GOLDSMITH? His verse is softer to the ear than the pearl of the sea to the nerve of vision. When I am tired with other reading, its influence is gentle, like the silent approaches of rain in the drought of summer. It flows as the village brook which gives a pleasant sound, and makes the fields green and fruitful. I read him with more pleasure than Pope, for I believe he has more exquisite sentiment; more of pure morals; and more of that nature, which bursts out in Thomson, which finds a ready entrance to every heart, that is not corrupted by folly, or rendered callous by a city life. He has written little poetry, yet that little is like beads, strung in holy rosaries, or the continuous vibrations of the harp at midnight. All is musical and material in Goldsmith's verses. If you take away anything, you injure the whole; for the little palace in fairy-land was made of precious stones, and the dwarf-jewel in the corner was as necessary as the queen-diamond shining in the centre. Goldsmith's histories are not excellent. They were written for booksellers or bread, and therefore composed in a hurry, without reflection or labour of research. His "Vicar of Wakefield" is well known, and his "Citizen of the World" I read with more delight than the "Persian Letters" of Montesquieu. I am afraid his volume of Essays is little read; but they contain a full harvest of sense, in a style simple and easy, without Swift's nudity of figure, and without Hawkesworth's ornamental decoration.

LORD HALIFAX AND POPE.

When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, says Pope, that lord desired the pleasure of hearing them read at his own house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth were there at the reading. In four or five places, lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time, much of the same kind, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider a little at your leisure. I'm sure you can give it a better turn." I returned from lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been

thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; and said, I had not been acquainted with lord Halifax enough to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over when I got home. All you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them as altered. I have known him longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event. I followed his advice; waited on lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first: and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, "*Aye, now they are perfectly right: nothing can be better.*"

A ruby-nosed devotee of Bacchus, when reproved for the heinous sin of drunkenness, justified himself by quoting from Goldsmith, "*that virtue consists not in* NEVER FALLING, *but in* RISING *every time we* FALL."

The following excellent Parody on Gray's Ode, may possibly bring to the recollection of some of your readers some scenes which they have witnessed. It is extracted from an elegant little work, called "The Fashionable World Displayed." A. B.

ODE ON THE SPRING, BY A MAN OF FASHION.

Lo! where the party-giving dames,
Fair Fashion's train appear:
Disclose the long expected games,
And wake the modish year:
The opera-warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the actor's note,
The dear-bought harmony of Spring;
While, beaming pleasures as they fly,
Bright flambeaus through the murky sky
Their welcome fragrance fling.

II.

Where'er the rout's full myriads close
The staircase and the door,
Where'er thick files of belles and beaus
Perspire through every pore:
Beside some faro-table's brink,
With me the Muse shall *stand* and think,
(Hemm'd sweetly in by squeeze of state)
How vast the comfort of the croud,
How condescending are the proud,
How happy are the great!

III.

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The drays and hacks repose;
But hark, how through the vacant air
The ratt'ling clamour glows!
The wanton Miss and rakish Blade,
Eager to join the masquerade,
Through streets and squares pursue their fun;
Home in the dusk some bashful skim;
Some ling'ring late, their motly trim
Exhibit to the sun.

IV.

To Dissipation's playful eye,
Such is the life of man;
And they that halt, and they that fly,
Should have no other plan;
Alike the busy and the gay
Should sport all night till break of day,
In Fashion's varying colours drest;
Till seiz'd for debt through rude mischance,
Or chill'd by age, they leave the dance,
In jail or dust—to rest.

V.

Methinks I hear in accents low,
Some sober quiz reply,
Poor child of Folly! what art thou?
A Bond Street butterfly!
Thy choice nor Health nor Nature greets,
No taste hast thou of vernal sweets,
Enslav'd by noise, and dress, and play:
Ere thou art to the country flown,
The sun will scorch, the spring be gone;
Then leave the town in May.

The following curious article, which we have ventured to take out of the Farmers' *Museum*, will arrest the gaze of all who love the quaint style:

The Happy Man, Or True Gentleman.

The Happy Man was born in the parish of Repentance unto Life; he was educated at the school of Obedience, and lives now in Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs at Self-Denial, he wears the plain garment of humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness; he often walks in the valley of Self-Abasement, and climbs Spiritual-mindedness; he breakfasts every morning upon Spiritual Prayer,

and sups every night upon the same; he has meals to eat the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the Sincere Milk of the Word.—Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel Submission in his will, due Order in his affections, Sound Peace in his conscience, Sanctifying Grace in his soul, real Divinity in his breast, true Humility in his heart, the Redeemer's Yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a Crown of Glory over his head. Happy is the life of such an one. In order to attain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holy, die daily, watch your hearts, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for glory.

The True Gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man: Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentedness his rest, and Happiness his reward. God is his Father, the Church is his Mother, the Saints are his Brethren, all that need him his Friends; Heaven is his Inheritance, Religion his Mistress, Legality and Justice are his Ladies of Honour, Devotion his Chaplain, Chastity his Chamberlain, Sobriety his Butler, Temperance his Cook, Hospitality his House-keeper, Providence his Steward, Charity his Treasurer, Piety is Mistress of his House, Discretion his porter to let him out and in as is most fit. Thus the whole Family are made up of Virtues, and he is Master of the Family.—He is necessitated to take the World in his way to Heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a Man and a Christian to the end.

TO ——— ———, 1801.

BY MR. MOORE.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear!
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguil'd,
Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow!
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy;
Believe it, MARY! oh! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray
And tinge the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever, to remember thee!
And, though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life, and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still!
I'll take it wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way!
To keep the semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And love shall lend his sweetest care,
With memory to embalm it there!

The following is from the pen of Moore, and need only be read to be admired.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that croud the shore;
Then thou easily may'st count
Of my loves the vast amount!
I've been loving all my days,
Many nymphs in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of grove and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes—I vow I've lov'd them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart forever.

In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson employs in a playful manner certain antitheses which cannot fail to amuse the reader:—

"The inequalities of human life have always employed the meditation of deep thinkers, and I cannot forbear to reflect on the difference between your condition and my own. You live upon mock turtle and stewed rumps of beef; I dined yesterday upon crumpets. You

sit with parish officers, caressing and caressed, the idol of the table and the wonder of the day. I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured. You sleep away the night, and laugh or scold away the day. I cough and grumble, and grumble and cough. Last night was tedious, and to-day makes no promises of ease. However, I have put on my shoe, and hope that Gout is gone."

Advice to general Cope upon his drinking the Bath-waters for the gout, and at the same time falling in love with the girl who dipped the water.

See gentle Cope, with love and gout oppprest,
Alternate torments rankling in his breast;
Tries at a cure, but tampers still in vain,
What eases one augments the other's pain!
The charming girl, who strives to lend relief,
Instead of comfort, heightens all his grief,
He drinks for health, then sighs for love and cries
Health 's in her hand, destruction in her eyes.
She gives us water, but each look, alas!
The wicked girl, electrifies the glass.
To ease the gout we swallow draughts of love,
And then, like Etna, burn in fires above:
Sip not, dear knight, the daughter's liquid fire,
But take the healing beverage from her sire,
'Twill ease your gout; for love no cure is known,
The god of physic could not cure his own.

The "Flaxen-headed Ploughboy" has been lately parodied in the following manner:—

A flaxen-headed milk-maid
As simple as may be,
And next a pretty dairy-maid
I chaunted o'er the lea:
But now a saucy chambermaid,
I've got a better place,
I'll dress my head with ribbons fine,
Set off my handsome face:
When housekeeper promoted
I'll snip a butcher's bill,
My lady's pockets empty,
My own I mean to fill;
And lolling in my chariot
A lady great I'll be,
You'll forget the little milk-maid
That chaunted o'er the lea.

I'll try to get a husband,
No matter for the pelf,
So I can have a title,
Why then I'll please myself:
Her ladyship I long to be,
A lord or knight I crave,
If he is rich in honours,
No matter if a knave:
I hope to be a peeress,
And see a birth-day ball,
With footmen drest so gaily,
My carriage for to call:
When lolling in my chariot
A lady great I'll be,
You'll forget the little milk-maid
That chaunted o'er the lea.

I'll send my lord to India,
His pockets for to fill,
So he does get their treasure,
The nabobs he may kill;
With gold and diamonds laden,
When he returns again,
For honours and for riches,
I'll be foremost in the train:
A Knight of Bath or Garter,
I'll purchase him, I vow,
And then forget those merry days
When milking of the cow:
So lolling in my chariot,
A lady great I'll be,
You'll forget the little milk-maid
That chaunted o'er the lea.

THE SAILOR'S DIRGE.

Sew up the hammock, Death has laid
Poor Jack in Honor's bed;
Heave out a sigh, and lower away,
Our gallant messmate's dead.
A right trim-hearted lad he was,
A seaman stout and bold;
He lov'd his friend—he lov'd his girl,
But now his heart is cold.

So long as French and Spaniards fought,
No lion was more brave;
But when they cry'd for quarter, none
Than Jack more free to save.
When overboard and struggling hard
For life's dear sake was I,
Though wild the waves, and loud the wind,
Jack heard my piteous cry.

He ask'd no leave of paltry fear,
He swam and took me out;
Now Jack must sink, and I may swim,
So fortune wheels about.

Farewel, poor Jack—in vain for thee,
The ocean billows roar;
Farewel, poor Jack, with honor won,
Thou now hast reach'd the shore.

A BLIND MAN'S IDEA OF LIGHT.

M. Rohault wished to communicate the idea of light to a blind pupil; after a long and elaborate discourse, when he hoped he had in some measure succeeded, he was asked this question by the blind man, "Is not light made of the same materials as sugar?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Written on the banks of Schuylkill, on the east side near the Falls.

I.

On thy banks I sit delighted;
View thy beauties native wild!
By the rocky seat invited,
And the evening zephyr mild:

II.

Rudest rocks are pending o'er me,
Tufted o'er with tangled wood,
(Thro' a vista seen) before me
Shine thy moon-reflected flood.

III.

Sounds of falling streams diffusing
Calmness o'er th' impassion'd mind,
Fav'ring wild romantic musing
Float upon the passing wind.

IV.

Hail, romantic wild retreat!
Imaginations fav'rite seat!
Here thro' Fancy's magic glass
I see before me phantoms pass;
Fairies here by moonlight meet,
And round their queen,
Over the green
Lightly move their airy feet.

V.

On yon hanging craggy steep,
Shading chasms dark and deep,
Fancy paints (in plain attire)
A hermit's form, whose melting lyre
Warbles in sweetest lays,
As he with holy fire
Which Dæmons might admire
Chaunts to his Maker's praise;
Silence softens every strain,
And echoing rocks at every pause
Repeat the solemn sounds again.

VI.

But hark!—what other sounds intrude?
What rapid light gleams thro' the wood?
Whence takes the scene a gloomier shade?
Why is the hermit's anthem staid?
'Tis distant thunder murmuring lowly,—
'Tis distant light'ning faintly gleams,—
Whilst gloomy clouds advancing slowly,
Hide Diana's silv'ry beams.

VII.

Now more near the light'nings fly—
Gloomier grows the starry sky;—
The thunder sends a sharper sound—
Darkness spreads her veil around.

VIII.

From their sport the Fairies haste,
From the cliff the hermit moves,
Thro' the rustling trees, the blast
The nearness of the tempest proves;
Fancy withdraws her glass, each airy form
Flies at the sounding presage of the storm.

Z.

EPIGRAMS.

The following is a beautiful Translation from the Greek.

As in this bath Love wash'd the Cyprian dame,
His torch the water ting'd with subtle flame;
And while his busy hand his mother laves
Ambrosial dews enrich the silver waves,
And all the undulating bason fill,
Such dews as her celestial limbs distil.
Hence how delicious float those rapid streams!
What rosy odours! what nectarean streams!
So pure the water and so soft the air,
It seems as if the goddess still were there.

EPIGRAM FROM AUSONIUS.

Infelix Dido nulli bene nupta marito
Hoc pereunte, fugis; hoc fugiente peris.

IMITATED.

Poor Dido! still in either husband crost,
Whose death thy flight, or flight thy death has cost.

The following translation is less terse:—

Unhappy, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second marriage state;
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
The other caus'd thy death by flying.

The following Epigram is neat, though not very pointed.

ON A WOODY ISLAND.

Hic Cytherea tuo poteras cum Marte jacere;
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur umbris.

IMITATED.

Here with her Mars may Venus safely dwell,
Vulcan the waves, and Sol the shades repel.

Charm'd with the empty sound of pompous words,
Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but lords;
While rank and title all his thoughts employ,
For these he barters every social joy:
For these, what you and I sincerely hate,
He lives in form, and after starves in state.
Carlo! enjoy thy peer, content to be
Rather a slave to him than friend to me;
Go, sell thy substance, to retain thy show,
May *you seem happy*, whilst I'm *really* so.

On the Female mode of wearing Watches in the Bosom.

Among our fashionable bands,
No wonder now if TIME should linger;
Allow'd to place his TWO rude HANDS
Where others dare not lay a FINGER.

The following is a very literal version from the Greek.

You ask an epigram, and *on yourself;*
My Wit is out of joint,
But you can laugh so glibly, so *at nothing,*
'Twill do without a point.

BOTH AGREED.

You're a fool, mutters Harry; says Thomas, that's true,
So must every one be, that expects sense from you.

THE SAD ALTERNATIVE.

In heat of youth, poor Tom engag'd a wife,
Whose tongue, he found, might prove a scourge for life;
Perplex'd, he still put off the evil day,
Grew sick at length, and just expiring lay,
To which sad crisis having brought the matter—
To wed or die—Tom wisely chose the latter.

Tell me not Chloe once did bless
Another mortal's arms;
That cannot make my passion less,
Nor mitigate her charms.
Shall I refuse to quench my thirst,
Depending life to save,
Because some droughty shepherd first
Has kiss'd the smiling wave?
No, no—methinks 'tis truly great,
And suits a noble blood,
To have in love as well as state,
A taster to our food.

A CURE FOR A BLEEDING HEART.

When, Chloe, I confess my pain,
In gentle words you pity shew,
But gentle words are all in vain,
Such gales my flame but higher blow.
Ah! Chloe, would you cure the smart
Your conquering eyes have keenly made,
Yourself upon my bleeding heart,
Yourself, fair Chloe, must be laid.
Thus for the viper's sting we know
No surer remedy is found,
Than to apply the torturing foe,
And squeeze his venom on the wound.

ILL-TIMED RAILLERY.

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had stript him of his coin at dice;
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On *Pam* cut out his rueful face,
By G—— says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card.

TO CLARISSA.

Why like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which, scorn'd, presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

PENELOPE.

The gentle Pen, with looks demure,
Awhile was thought a virgin pure;
But Pen, as ancient poets say,
Undid by night the work of day.

JEALOUSLY REASONED WITH.

Lovely shines thy wedded fair,
Gentle as the yielding air;
Cheering as the solar beam,
Soothing as the fountain stream.
Why then, jealous husband, rail?
All may breathe the ambient gale,
Bask in heaven's diffusive ray,
Drink the streams that pass away:
All may share unlessening joy;
Why then jealous, peevish boy?

True, I confest it yester morn;
I've been in love this week or two;
Yet, cruel maid, forbear your scorn;
For take my word—'tis not with you.

EPITAPHS.

On a Young Woman accidently drowned.

Near to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid Death shew'd no pity,
As soon as she'd her pail of water fill'd
Came sudden Death and life like water spill'd.

In Grantham Church-Yard.

John Palfryman which lieth here
Was aged twenty-four year,
And near this place his mother lies,
Also his father when he dies.

ON A COBLER.

Death at a Cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the *mending* hand;
At last came surly Death, and in foul weather
Ript the old *sole* from off the *upper-leather:*
Death, by a trick of art, then laid him fast,
His *awl* he called for, but Death brought his *last.*

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